Whether the three Worthis shall come in or no?

Ber. What, are there but three?

Clow. No sir, but it is vara fine,
For euerie one pursents three.

Bero. And three times thrice is nine.

Clow. Not so sir, vnder correction sir, I hope it is not so. You cannot beg vs sir, I can assure you sir, we know what we know: I hope sir three times thrice sir.

Bero. Is not nine.

Clow. Vnder correction sir we know where-vntill it doth amount.

Bero. By Ioue, I all wayes tooke three threes for nine.

Clow. O Lord sir, it were pittie you should get your liuing by reckning sir.

Bero. How much is it?

Clow. O Lord sir, the parties themselues, the actors sir will shew wher-vntill it doth amount: for mine owne part, I am (as thy say, but to parfect one man in one poore man) *Pompion* the great sir.

Bero. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Clow. It pleased them to thinke me worthie of *Pompey* the great: for mine owne part I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Bero. Goe bid them prepare. (*Exit.*

Clow. We wil turne it finely off sir, we wil take some care.

King. *Berowne*, they will shame vs: let them not approch.

Bero. We are shame proofe my Lord: & tis some policie
To haue one show worse then the Kings and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Quee. Nay my good Lord let me ore'rule you now.
That sport best pleases, that doth best know how:
Where zeale striues to content, and the contentes
Dies in the zeale of that which it presentes:
Their forme confounded, makes most forme in myrth,
When great thinges labouring perish in their byrth.

Bero. A right description of our sport my Lord.

Enter Bragart.

Brag. Annoynted, I implore so much expence of thy royal sweete

sweete breath, as will vtter a brace of wordes.

Quee. Doth this man serue God?

Bero. Why aske you?

Quee. A speakes not like a man of God his making.

Brag. That is al one my faire sweete honie monarch,
For I protest, the Schoolemaister is exceeding fantasticall,
Too too vaine, too too vaine: but we will put it (as they say)
to *Fortuna delaguar*, I wish you the peace of mind most royall cupplement. *Exit.*

King. Heere is like to be a good presence of Worthies: He presents *Hector* of *Troy*, the Swaine *Pompey* the great, the parish Curate *Alexander*, *Armadoes* Page *Hercules*, the Pedant *Iudas Machabeus*: And if these foure Worthies in their first shew thriue, these foure will change habites, and present the other fiue.

Bero. There is fiue in the first shew.

King. You are deceiued, tis not so.

Bero. The Pedant, the Bragart, the Hedge-Priest, the Foole, and the Boy,
Abate throw at Nouum, and the whole world againe,
Cannot picke out fiue such, take each one in his vaine.

Kin. The Ship is vnder sayle, and heere she coms amaine.

Enter Pompey.

Clowne. *I* Pompey *am.*

Bero. You lie, you are not he.

Clow. *I* Pompey *am,*

Boyet. With Libbards head on knee. (thee.

Ber. Well said old mocker, I must needes be friendes with

Clow. *I* Pompey *am*, Pompey *surnamde the bigge.*

Duma. The great.

Clow. *It is great sir,* Pompey *surnamd the great,*
That oft in fielde with Targ and Shield did make my foe to sweat,
And trauailing along this coast I heere am come by chaunce,
And lay my Armes before the Leggs of this sweete Lase of France.
If your Ladiship would say thankes Pompey, *I had done.*

Lady. Great thankes great *Pompey.*

Clo. Tis not so much worth; but I hope I was perfect. I made a litle fault in great.